

Okay, But Just a Little Bit by [everybreatheverymove](#)

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Summary:

Prompt: One of them keeps snoring, and the other kicks them to wake them up.

“Was I talking in my sleep again?”

“More of a hum.” El tells him, and she reaches up to poke at the end of his nose with her fingertip, “From here.”

“Oh.” Mike grins, “I was snoring?”

“*Snoring.*” It’s somewhere between a question and a statement, and he just nods.

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It starts off with a small shove, with her hand pressed against his chest, just above his heart. Next comes the push to his shoulder, and she's on the verge of shaking him awake when she decides to kick him in the shin instead.

He's been making this strange noise for around ten minutes now and, having been awake for fifteen, El is growing impatient.

"Wake up, Mike." She whispers the words, but they obviously don't do the trick because his eyebrows just wiggle and his nostrils flare and- "Wake up."

She moves her leg out again, this time brushing the back of his calf with the tip of her sneaker before she swings it backward just a little bit, and forward just a tad, hitting him in the front of the leg.

It's not a hard whack, by any means, and all she gets out of him is a grumble and mumble and he turns his head in the opposite direction.

"Mike."

The noise gets louder then, and El considers holding his nose between her fingers to stop him. Against her better judgement, she just kicks his leg again, this time a little harder but still not hard enough that she thinks it'll bruise him.

Hopper will be home soon, and Mike is still sleeping, and he's making weird noises and-

"Mike!"

She kicks him again, chewing at her bottom lip this time.

"Ow!"

Mike's eyes snap open then, and it takes him just a moment to focus his gaze on her. His face is sleepy, still in a haze.

She's quite clearly holding back a grin now, her cheeks all pink and

puffy. The corners of her mouth turn up, a smile branding her lips, and Mike can't help but copy her once he's come to his senses.

"Why are you kicking me?"

He's kind of amused, to say the least. It's not like the kicks hurt or anything; she may as well have just knocked his foot with hers, the tip of her dirtied sneaker scratching against his tangled laces, and it would've caused the same reaction. (Although, he'd still be asleep in *that* case, so...)

"You were," El starts, and she pauses to frown, uncertain, "making a noise."

"What?" The edges of his wide mouth stretch, his brows drawing together in confusion, "Was I talking in my sleep again?"

"No." She shakes her head, but she's still lying down and her free curls just fall into her face at the movement. Unbothered, she lets her eyes drift to his nose, to the dozens of freckles that litter his flushed skin, "More of a hum." El tells him, and she reaches up to poke at the end of his nose with her fingertip, "From here."

"Oh." Mike grins, "I was snoring?"

"Snoring." It's somewhere between a question and a statement, and he just nods.

"Yeah, snoring." Licking his lips, Mike turns over to lay on his back. He kicks his legs out, the old blanket at the bottom of her bed almost falling to the floor. "It's like, this weird breathing thing that happens when you sleep. My dad does it, too." He frowns at that, "Was it loud?"

The girl just stares at him, and she readjusts the arm beneath her weight, propping herself up on one elbow, "Not really." She shuffles closer to him, "Hop does it. I just never asked him what it was."

"Yeah, he looks like he snores." Mike snorts, and his eyes close when she rests her head on his chest, barely pressing against his side.

She's warm where he's cold, and when she reaches over to grab his

hands, pulling them onto his stomach, Mike has no objections.

He can tell she's nervous about something though, because her fingers twitch and her breathing slows.

"Does... everyone do it?"

She's quiet, even more so than usual, and he can't pretend he doesn't understand what she's really asking.

(Does everyone but me do it, Mike?)

"No." He's staring down at her now, despite the cramp in his neck from the angle he's lay in, "Lucas snores, but that's about it. I don't think anybody- well, I don't *know* anybody else that does."

"Oh."

"Yeah." The tall boy reassures, comforting and soft, "You're lucky you don't, you know." He starts, continues when she looks up at him in curiosity, "It's kind of annoying. My mom's always telling my dad to go see someone about it."

"You can fix it?"

"I don't know." He shrugs and, when his shoulder lowers, he wraps his arm around her frame, dropping his hand to her belly and pulling her into his side. "Maybe she kicks him, too."

It's meant as a joke, but El isn't smiling. "They've been together a long time."

"Yeah, I guess."

"That's a lot of kicking." She informs him, voice muffled as she nuzzles against his sweater when a chill creeps into the small room, "That means I'm going to kick you a lot, too."

(Does that mean- Does she-)

(I'm gonna be with you a long time, Mike. I'm gonna be with you forever, Mike.)

“Okay.”

“What?”

“Yeah,” he shifts, tossing himself over to face her completely.

She’s shorter than him even then, when they’re lay and his sneaker-clad feet are dangling over the edge of her bed. She still only just reaches past his shoulder, and her hands just about fit into his own. She’s warm where he’s cold though, and she’s soft where he’s lean, rough where he’s gentle.

She’s just so; perfectly crafted for him, and he for her.

“Okay.” He smiles this time, and his teeth bare, and she smooths her index finger over his bottom lip, grinning, “You can kick me when I snore for the rest of your life, if you want to.”

El’s eyes widen, and he’s sure she’s going to hold him to that. But, instead of eagerly accepting his offer, she places her palm flat against his cheek, staring, “Just a *little* bit.”

“Do you promise?”

She nods with the slightest of giggles, and his cheeks flush, and he’s never felt so calm.

“Okay, just a little bit.”